

# THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

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## In Spite Of Fate.

BY DR. H. A. MOODY.

### CHAPTER IX.

MR. ADOLPHUS DICKORY MAKES A TRADE.

**A**PT. PREWETT would have indeed been astonished, could he have seen the ex-school-master at that moment. Instead of being at X—, or on the road thither, as he supposed, that marvel of wrinkles was on the cars speeding to Memphis. Arriving there he plodded northward on foot until he was in the suburbs. He halted before a dingy one-story frame house and knocked at the door. It was opened cautiously a little way, he was allowed to enter and the door was closed at once. The room was only about fourteen feet square, ceiling very low, with a window in one end and a window and door in the back. A rough, unplastered chimney stood at one end of the room, evidently having another fire-place in the adjoining apartment. Some black bottles, some clay pipes and an old pistol and a pack of cards ornamented the shelf. A filthy-looking, tumbled bed and three or four chairs completed the furnishing arrangements. Upon the bed lolled an Irishman of the lower class. His bushy, red hair, red eyes, bloated features, stumpy, unclean hands and general bull-terrier appearance, were repulsive in the extreme.

Mr. Dancy did not sit down, but stood looking at the Irishman quietly for a moment. That gentleman as quietly returned the gaze, but presently he seemed to be irritated by it, for he said:

"Wot 're yez starin' that way fur? Can't yez spake to a decent man as has been a lookin' an' a lookin' fur yer ugly face for a week or more?"

"Where are they?" inquired Mr. Dancy.

"Is it the Captin' you mane? He's asleep in the next room, an' his me tell ye honey, ef yez wants him waked, yez must do the job yer own self."

Mr. Dancy paid no attention to the Irishman's remarks, but turning around he went into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him. The apartment was very similar to the one he had left, but the bed was more cleanly and comfortable in its appearance. Lying upon it, fast asleep, was a man, low-browed, hawk-nosed, with black beard and mustache. On a chair by his side, lay a revolver and a bowie-knife. These Mr. Dancy softly removed to the table and then stood looking at the sleeper with the infernal grin peculiar to him, frowning and twisting every wrinkle in his face. Then he walked to the bed and gave the sleeper a vigorous shake. In an instant the figure sprang from the bed with an oath and grabbed at the place where the weapons had been.

"They're not there, Bill," said Mr. Dancy, quietly.

"Where are they?"

"Here they are," said Mr. Dancy, handing them to him. "I moved them because you might have made a mistake before you got wide awake. I came through that door because Mike wouldn't."

The man flung the weapons on the bed and sat down, motioning Mr. Dancy to a chair.

"I like to have shot the fool the other night for waking me with a shake, and he didn't like it much. Well, what's the news?"

"All fixed," replied Mr. Dancy; "is he here?"

"Who?" said the man.

"The blue devil. You know who I mean," said Dancy, crossly.

"Oh, yes, he's down town, and devilish tired of waiting, too."

"We must see him right away," said Mr. Dancy.

"What do you want to see him for? I am managing this business. Say what you've done and are going to do and I'll see him myself."

"Now you just look here, Bill Ford," said Mr. Dancy, in his dull, slow, stubborn way. "You may manage as much as you please, but you can't manage my part of it."

"I can't eh? I'll manage that and you too."

And Mr. Bill Ford seized his pistol.

"If I didn't know you can't afford to lose me just now, you would be lying dead across the bed," said Mr. Dancy, coolly. "As it is, I've got the drop on you, and if you make a move I'll use it."

Mr. Bill Ford now noticed for the first time that Mr. Dancy's hand was in his coat pocket, and that something in that coat pocket was pointing

straight at his own face.

"What is it you want?"

"I want to see that blue-faced devil," said Mr. Dancy.

"And what then?"

"I want him to bind himself to pay me three hundred dollars when I've delivered the articles he wants. Then I'm ready to deliver them. You can settle your part of it as you please."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

Mr. Bill Ford laughed a little.

"There's no use of our quarreling about that, for it suits me exactly. Tell Mike to bring me some water and towels. I'll be with you in ten minutes and we'll go and see him."

In a few minutes the twain walked down the street to a third-rate hotel, where Mr. Bill Ford led the way upstairs and knocked at a door. A voice bade him enter and they both went in. Seated by the window was a very white-eyed, light-haired, plump, blue-faced young gentleman, reading the morning paper. It was Mr. Adolphus Dickory. He did not display much courtesy toward his visitors, merely waving his hand toward chairs they could occupy if they saw fit.

"So you've come at last," he said to Mr. Dancy.

"Yes, I suppose I'm here," said that gentleman, doggedly, taking a chair.

"Is everything favorable for our plan?" inquired Adolphus, with a little more courtesy in his tone, for he saw that Mr. Dancy was irritated about something, and he was obliged to use him to gain his object.

"I have fixed up the hunt and know where they are going. I am going too, and I can put him in your hands without anybody ever suspecting anything wrong about it."

Mr. Adolphus Dickory sprang to his feet with a look of triumph trying to show himself through his face and dull, white eyes, but the medium was too obscure to transmit the light.

"Bully for you!" he exclaimed. You shall be well paid!"

"That's what I want to see about," said Mr. Dancy. "I want you to bring three hundred dollars with you and pay it to me when he's in your hands; that's my share. Then I must be with the other party to keep down suspicion."

"I will do it," said Mr. Adolphus Dickory.

Mr. Bill Ford now spoke up.

"Why not have him knocked on the head without all this trouble? What do you want to see him for?" he said.

"I want to see it done, then I shall be certain," said the young gentleman, with a cool ferocity that shocked even Mr. Bill Ford.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Dancy, "next Monday morning we shall go into the bottom. We shall hunt near the Big Burn, within five miles of what used to be Bill Ford's place. I will place your man, Tuesday morning, by the big sassafras tree at the northeast corner of the Burn. Bill Ford knows where the stand is."

"I should think I did," said Mr. Bill Ford. "It's just the place for the business. We'll be at the old cabins inside the Burn on Monday night."

After a few more words they left the room, and Mr. Adolphus Dickory walked up and down enjoying his anticipated triumph. "Oh, yes!" he muttered, waving his clenched fists in the air. "I've got you at last, you sleek-faced Sunday-school goody-goody, you! You'll soon be out of my way. Your money will never come into your hands. I have been afraid to touch it for fear you might discover all and come back on us for it; but now! I'll have that fine yacht I've been wanting so long; and that span of bays with the gold mounted turn-out. And Flora shall have that set of diamonds if she'll leave the stage for awhile, till I get tired of her. I'll enjoy life from this on."

### CHAPTER X.

"BUTTERFLY, BEE OR BIRD?"

Charley Moore was at Mr. Hardison's on that same Saturday morning that saw Mr. Dancy in Memphis. He had reached there the night before, and Mr. Hardison had kept him writing and figuring on his settlements until about 11 o'clock. At that time he declared that he had everything straight for Christmas. "Now I'm ready for some fun," he had said, and they had discussed various plans for camp hunts and other amusements of which they were fond. That morning he had ridden over to Poplar Ridge to see Roscoe and invite him to join them in a camp

hunt. Roscoe was not in town, and no one seemed to know where he was, so Mr. Hardison waited about the stores until dinner time, watching for his return. At last he concluded to go up to Dr. Plumpsett's and see if the Doctor's wife knew when he would be back. She informed him that Roscoe had gone to see a pupil who was sick; that he would not be back until night; that he was engaged to Capt. Prewett the next evening, and was going hunting with him Monday morning. This news sealed Mr. Hardison's lips about the intended invitation, and he merely asked which side of the river they would hunt on. She did not know, but he reflected that Capt. Prewett usually hunted across the river by the Big Burn. "I'll be careful to keep on this side," he resolved.

Just then the Doctor rode up and pressed him to stay for dinner, which he agreed to do if the Doctor would go home with him and play euchre that evening, which was finally arranged. Meanwhile Jimmy Sanders rode into the village, and hearing that Mr. Hardison was at Dr. Plumpsett's, rode up to the house and took dinner with them; and about 3 o'clock they all rode over toward Mr. Hardison's house. What had Charley Moore been doing all this while? He had sauntered about the house for an hour or two after breakfast, and then begged Mrs. Hardison to give him something to do. She laughingly set him to work fixing the sewing machine, which did not behave to suit her, and with a screw-driver, a rag and some oil, he performed wonders in a short time. After dinner Clara and he sat in the parlor and chatted sociably. Now Charley Moore had long been in love with the sunny little maiden, and his parents suspected and approved his preference; but though he was brave as a lion in the presence of actual danger, he had never been able to summon up enough courage in her presence to tell, or hint, or even look, his love. Occasions when they were entirely alone together, had been very brief and rare, and he determined, if he saw any chance to introduce the subject, he would speak to-day; so, while they talked, a look of serious resolution began to steal over his face, which she soon noticed.

"What's the matter, Charley?" she said. "You look as though you were meditating a robbery."

"I believe I am," he said, smiling faintly.

"It's no use," she laughed; "I've locked up all the silver."

"I want something more precious than silver or gold either," he blundered.

"Law! then I'd better lock my jewelry box. By the way, there's something in it I'm going to show you," and she was off like a bird. She soon returned with a tinted photograph of Constance and a letter. He looked at it attentively.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she exclaimed.

"I've got such a nice, sweet note from her; I'd like to read it to you, but I mustn't. Here's just the primmest letter from Miss Johnson, though. I'll read that to you;" and without further introduction she read:

MY DEAREST PUPIL: Since writing my last letter but little has occurred worthy of mention, and I only write to redeem my promise. Our dear Miss Hardison does not go out quite so often as she did, though she is perfectly well. I at first attributed it to Maj. Carney's attentions, which are becoming daily more assiduous, and believed they were engaged; but I was mistaken. I ventured to hint to her the other day that her engagement was no reason why she should deny herself the pleasures of society, and she answered that she was not engaged to any one, and more than that, would not contract an engagement with any one during the present winter. She spoke so plainly and decidedly that I saw she meant that her determination should be no secret. Indeed, she said it in the presence of Sophy, which was equivalent to publishing it in the Picayune, or any other paper. I am beginning to suspect that, perhaps encouraged by my example, she is tempted to preserve her own individuality through life, by refusing to allow it to be obliterated by the act of matrimony. She is wealthy, intelligent and high-spirited, and, if she should choose thus wisely, will be a notable example to the hundreds of silly girls who run after marriage as a moth seeks the flame. I hope you, too, my dear Clara, will profit by such examples, and show that my teachings have been not in vain. If anything occurs worthy of note I will write again. Present my regards to your respected parents. I am glad to hear such a good account as you give of Mr. Owen. I read your letter to Miss Hardison, and she was so interest-

ed that she re-read it herself; so you see your communications are appreciated. Write soon to your affectionate friend, JANE S. JOHNSON.

"Now, isn't that just like the prim old darling?" said Clara.

"Very much like her," he replied; "but I hope you don't intend to take her advice and follow her example."

"I don't know about that," she replied. "I don't want my 'individuality obliterated' any more than she does;" and she laughed merrily.

"It would take almost a miracle to overcome her example," she continued banteringly; "but perhaps if some exquisite young gentleman with his hair parted in the middle, and a lisp, should come along thaying thoft, tweet things, I might thurrender;" and again her merry laugh filled the room with music.

"Could you not love a man who was plain, honest, sincere, and devoted to you, heart and soul?" he asked earnestly, but was interrupted by a cry of pain.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I've hurt my finger," she said ruefully, showing the dainty member with a drop of blood flowing from the prick of a needle. She had wounded herself to escape the declaration. The blood called for water and a fillet, and she went to her room to repair damages. She bolted the door behind her, and, throwing herself upon her bed, went through a lively pantomime. First she cried heartily, with her face in the pillow. Then she sat up and shook her fist, and made faces at an imaginary somebody outside the door. Then she laughed a little, and then she cried again. Having thus relieved her feelings, she became quiet and composed. The storm had spent its fury, and the sun was about to shine again. She bathed her face, arranged her hair, and smoothed her ruffled plumage with a shake or two and a stroke here and there with either hand. Then she went out and demurely asked Charley Moore to excuse her a little while, as she wanted to help her mother.

She kept out of Charley Moore's way all day, for until her father returned, bringing with him his guests, Dr. Plumpsett and Jimmy Sanders. Then she joined the party, and was one of the merriest among them. They played euchre that night until the clock struck 12, when the advent of Sunday sent them all to bed.

How fortunate it is that the thoughts we think at night are not printed on our pillows for others to read. Were such the case, how many a startling secret, unsuspected by the world, would transpire. The guest, as he tosses restlessly upon his couch, wonders why Clara left him so suddenly, and why she has given him no opportunity to speak with her again. Can it be that she will not accept the heart that she must know has been her own since they were children? Heavy and sad are the thoughts and gloomily doubtful. Could it be possible he had a rival? "Owen, for instance, is a mighty taking sort of fellow." Then he wished himself that he had inquired how often Owen came over there.

With reverent steps approach we in our fancies the couch where Clara lies. The lamp is extinguished, but she is lying wide awake in the darkness. She is thinking of that new light in the eye, that new tremor in the voice that accompanied the words that so disturbed her to-day. Then she forgot poor Charley Moore, and her thoughts turned to another. Who is it? Owen? No; it is Jimmy Sanders. Look at her now. The happy smile, the soft, love-lit eyes are telling a tale to us who are watching her in the dark. She is thinking how that eager, hopeful gleam would look in his eyes; how that pleading thrill would sound in his voice, and her little heart throbs and flutters till she almost gasps for breath.

The Sabbath dawned clear, bright, cool—a perfectly lovely day. Breakfast is always late on Sunday, where it is prepared by colored cooks, and families in the South are so accustomed to late rising on that day, that it is one of their institutions.

When Clara came to the table and took her accustomed seat, there was an unwonted shyness in her manner. Her eyes had less of merriment and more of pensiveness. Her voice was lower and softer, and vibrated less frequently with the impulse of laughter. Even her father noticed the change and asked her if she was not well. She blushed a little as she answered "Yes."

Charley Moore stole a glance at her and felt troubled. He feared she was displeased with him. He ought have known she was too young for wooing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The largest hospital in the world is in Paris—the Hotel des Invalides.

### OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS.

These lines were composed by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, a distinguished Baptist minister, who was a pastor in Philadelphia, and then president of Columbia College in Washington City, where he died in the year 1820:

The great Jehovah speaks to us  
In Genesis and Exodus;  
Leviticus and Numbers, see,  
Followed by Deuteronomy,  
Joshua and Judges sway the land.  
Ruth gleams a sheath with trembling hand.  
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,  
Where Chronicles we wonder hear.  
Ezra and Nehemiah now,  
Esther the beauteous mourner show;  
Job speaks in sighs, David in psalms.  
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;  
Ecclesiastes then come on.  
And the sweet songs of Solomon,  
Isaiah, Jeremiah, then  
With Lamentations takes his pen;  
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,  
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.  
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,  
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;  
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,  
Raty Zaccariah, builds his walls—  
And Malachi with garments rent,  
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

### EUROPEAN LETTER.

**A**DAM EDITORS. All things come to those who wait, and I seem to be no exception to the rule. This morning when

some one knocked at my door, I opened it to find to my astonishment, a charming, elegantly dressed young man, who murmured something in French about the Vatican, presenting me with a ticket of admission to an audience with the Pope to-morrow at 11:30 a. m. I snatched the precious card and gave the tip he coolly demanded. I can never grow accustomed to gentlemanly looking men asking for tips. I flew down and begged the clerk to translate the document to me. It only stated that I was to appear at the Vatican at the specified hour, dressed in a plain, black dress and wearing a small, black veil. Even the painful necessity of buying a square of Spanish lace, which is the regulation thing for the head, did not dampen my ardor.

So, after breakfast we repaired to the church of St. Eusebius, (some old angel who was very fond of animals.)

This happened to be his feast day, so many animals are brought up for a blessing from the priest. He steps out on the porch, sprinkles holy water from a little sprinkler like a baby rattle with holes in it, toward the group of animals; horses, dogs, sheep, etc., that are gathered below, reads, prays over them, and all is over. While we were in the church, several ladies came in with their pet dogs and held them up while the priest prayed and sprinkled holy water in their direction. We, of course, saw the ludicrous side, but the devout look of the poor people, really made me feel very solemn.

This afternoon we went to the Pantheon, to see the old church decorated for the funeral anniversary of Victor Emanuel, Italy's first king. It was very gorgeously decorated—certainly the very grandest I ever saw. Hundreds, or I might say thousands of candles, still burning, with many torches of alcohol, added a very weird effect. The curtains, draperies, etc., were all black with silver fringe. A huge catafalque occupied the center of the church, almost to the ceiling, all black cloth and gold trimmings. \*\*\* I broke off this letter last night to tell a party of English people how to see Rome in a day, and since then, of course, have had my audience with the Pope.

This morning I dressed very carefully, with a Spanish lace veil over my head, and went down to ask the secretary (clerk) if it were time to start. He assured me it was an hour too early, so I settled myself with a paper in the Salon. In a minute another clerk rushed in and told me to go at once. I flew—jumped into the first cab and ordered the man to drive like mad. When I reached the Vatican there were already many pilgrims waiting at the closed door. We finally went in and ranged ourselves on the front row of the famous Sistine Chapel. The pilgrims were a poor class of people, and out of special consideration, were allowed to wear hats. Many of them looked utterly unable to buy a veil. I had to stand one hour, but as I was in front, had a rail to lean on, and about the best view in the house. First, were the ushers, dignified gentlemen in full dress suits, with their entire shirt front covered with a magnificent assortment of medals and chains and ribbons. Then the Swiss Guards, a special company of men guarding the Vatican. They wear low, black shoes, orange and black perpendicular-striped stockings; scarlet, black and orange-striped knickerbockers, (very full!) coats of the same three

colors, ranged in odd pieces, so that no one stripe went the length of the garment. The edges were trimmed in red and yellow galeon, and though the coats are very tight-fitting, they wear a belt of yellow with an enormous gold buckle. A semi-circular tightly stuffed cushion of the same colors is fastened on the outside of their sleeves, where it is sewed in at the shoulder. They wear helmets of black oil cloth, stiff as iron, elaborately trimmed in gold, almost covering their eyes, and held on by a totally unnecessary brass chain under the chin, white gloves and a handsome sword. They carry enormous spears at least eight feet long, and having at the top murderous looking weapons, shaped like a battle axe. These remarkable looking men were scattered around us, every few feet. The pilgrims carried grips full of rosaries, pictures, images, &c., which are considered specially blessed from having been in the presence of "His Holiness."

Presently the doors were thrown open, and from my place I could see across the ante-chamber to the Sistine Chapel, through the handsome entrance to the private apartments, a group of more Swiss Guards, the "Holy Father," borne high on the shoulders of four footmen, seated in a sedan chair of red satin. The footmen wore beautiful suits of cardinal brocade silk, made with a short Prince Albert coat, with plain silk sleeves, and long wide streamers from the shoulders, knee pants, very tight, stockings of same color and low black shoes—buckles on them and on their garters. Just outside the door they lowered the sedan chair, and the Pope stepped out, put on a gorgeously embroidered and jeweled stole over his snow white costume, then a long full mantle of red satin made just like a Connemara cloak. He seated himself in an ordinary arm chair, also fastened on poles, which the footmen slowly raised. Carried, high above the heads of the people, he came in, the procession following slowly, so slowly that they seemed scarcely moving. One of the "viva, viva!" and "viva, viva!" yells "viva, viva!" and "viva, viva!" and handkerchiefs as if it were a political meeting. The old man really looks like an angel, so frail, so white, with a smile that is very bright and sweet, but perhaps just a trifle childish. He is truly beautiful, with a complexion white and soft, though he looks every day of his ninety years. When he passed up the aisle he held his hand raised in blessing all the time, on it the wonderful signet ring that all the Popes have worn, and that is used to seal official documents. Reaching the altar, he descended and knelt while the whole congregation recited the litany in Latin. Then the frail, dear old man, prayed in Latin. In spite of his weak appearance his voice was clear and loud enough to fill the chapel with its rich volume. After reading something to the pilgrims, he was again lifted to the shoulders of his bearers, and carried down the aisle. When just opposite me he was lowered, and again transferred to his sedan chair in order to be protected from the draughts (?) in the halls.

After he had really gone, we all looked at each other in a sort of ecstasy. The faces of the pilgrims were worth seeing. They had really appeared to be looking straight into Heaven, instead of an old, feeble man's face. Such fanatical adoration, almost worship, was sublime.

After the ceremony, the people in the back passed hundreds of rosaries and images to those of us who were near enough to touch the chair that the old gentleman had just vacated. We leaned forward and gave the chair a good wipe with their belongings. Well, it was all too soon over, and I returned to the hotel feeling perfectly happy. Have packed my trunk to leave in the morning.

A day later. We left this morning for Naples, I with not a single regret, though I shall always look back to Rome and my visit there as about the pleasantest seven weeks of my life with my visit to "His Holiness" for a grand finale. In explanation of my good luck. I simply staid so long in Rome that the officials finally reached my name. Naples is lovely, too lovely to introduce at the end of a letter, so I will keep it for another time. I am here to gaze upon this beautiful bay as seen from my window after the exhausting delights of Rome and spend many lazy days in solid rest.

MAUD POWELL.

Eighty existing plants are depicted on Egyptian monuments, and many have been found in mummies.

Roses came from Persia, and into Persia from India.